

# GENE AUTRY

IN  
THE BANDIT OF  
BLACK ROCK



WARNER BROS.  
Presents



# GENE AUTRY and 7

## "The BANDIT of BLACK ROCK"

GENE AUTRY, THE FAST - SHOOTING ADVENTURER OF THE WESTERN PLAINS, RIDES INTO BLACK ROCK TO VISIT HIS OLD FRIEND JUD GRANT, AND FINDS HIMSELF IN THE MIDDLE OF A BLAZING TURMOIL OF MYSTERIOUS GUNN- AND SLICK COLD- BLOODED CROOKS WHO...

"THIS IS BLACK ROCK, ALL RIGHT! BUT IT SURE LOOKS DESERTED - LIKE A GHOST TOWN! WONDER WHAT'S HAPPENED!"

"HOLLY, OLD TIMER! WHERE'S EVERYBODY?"

"THE HELL! TODAY'S GONE TO JUD GRANT'S FUNERAL!"

"NO HOT!"

"JUD GRANT DEAD? WHY, I WAS JUST HAT-DAN FOR HIS PLACE! HOW-ABOUT-"

"JUD GRANT DEAD? WITH HIS OWN BROTHER? RIGHT THROUGH THE MIDDLE!"

"SHOT HIMSELF? I DON'T BELIEVE IT!"

"CAN'T HELP WHAT YOU BELIEVE, STRANGER! HE DONE IT! I DEC. JONES, THE CORNER, AND JUDGE HUNLEY KNOW? THEY SEEN THE BODY!"

"I'LL RUN RIGHT OUT TO SEE THIS BETTER HADY! - FASTER! THE FUNERAL BE. OR OVER TO YOU! OUT THERE!"

I'LL NEVER BELIEVE THAT  
OLD JOE SHOT HIMSELF!  
HE WAS TOO FULL O' WHISKY  
AND VINEGAR!



THAT'S JOE! SPREAD STRAIGHT  
AWARD! AND HERE COMES  
SOMEBODY RIGHT TOWARD TOWN!



GREAT BANG! SOMEBODY  
AMBUSHED HIM!



THERE GOES THE GUNMAN!  
BUT HOOBY, CHAMP!



CAN'T STOP HIM! HE'S  
TOO FAR AWAY!



THE CARBUNKER GOT  
AWAY! BUT MEBBE HE  
CAN HELP THE POOR  
HONDER!



HE'S A GOWER-POOR  
FELLOW! HONDER KNOW  
HE IS! MEBBE HE'S  
GOT SOME PAPERS  
IN HIS POCKET!



WHY! HIS NAME'S  
BENJ THOMAS—AND  
HE BELONGS TO  
JOE GRAY'S OUTRIDE.  
THE DOUBLE  
O'!







BRICK DEAD - 114

NOW - WHEN -  
WHAT HAPPENED?

WHERE IS HE?

HE'S OUT IN THE BURN-HOUSE  
NOW! I FOUND HIM AND  
BACKEST HIM UP! HE WAS  
SHOT FROM  
AMBUSH!

SHOT FROM  
AMBUSH!

I'LL LOOK AT HIM AND SEE  
IF THERE'S ANY CHANCE -

HOW DO YOU KNOW  
HE WAS AMBUSHED,  
AUTRY?

BECAUSE  
I SAW THE  
SMOOTHING! THE  
KILLER WANDERED!  
I WAS TOO FAR AWAY  
TO CATCH HIM OR  
BRING HIM DOWN!

A FEW MINUTES LATER -

BRICK'S GONE, ALL RIGHT! NO  
CHANCE O' DOIN' ANYTHING  
FOR HIM!

WHAT'D THE KILLER  
LOOK LIKE, AUTRY?

I COULDN'T SEE HIM PLAIN  
HE WAS RIDIN' A HORSE!

THERE'S FIFTY DORRALS  
AROUND THESE  
PARTS!

YEAH! WE'LL  
GO BACK TO TOWN  
AN' REPORT TO THE  
SHERIFF!

YOU'D BETTER TAKE JACK  
WILSON'S OPINION, MISS  
MAY! YOU CAN'T RUN THE  
DOUBLE-S WITHOUT A  
FOREMAN!

BUT MISS MAY HAS A FOREMAN!  
I'LL TAKE THE JOB IF SHE'LL  
HIRE ME!



"GRANDER WAS GETTING SLEEPY  
WHEN HE HEARD THE SHOT—"

**BANGG**



"HE FLUSHED INTO THE ROOM AND  
FOUND LLOYD ON THE FLOOR BY HIS  
DESK WITH HIS OWN GUN IN HIS  
HAND! THERE WAS NO ONE ELSE  
AROUND ANYWHERE!"



"I DON'T BELIEVE LLOYD SHOT  
HIMSELF. MISS MARY! I'D  
LIKE TO LOOK AT THE DESK!"



"HE COULD HAVE BEEN  
SHOT THROUGH THE  
WINDOW!"

"BUT HIS GUN  
WAS IN HIS  
HAND!"



"I KNOW— BUT THERE'S  
WAYS OF PUTTING IT  
THERE! I WANT TO  
LOOK OUTSIDE!"



"RED AND BLACK  
THREADS!  
SOMEBODY CLIMBED  
THROUGH HERE, OR  
LEANED AGAINST  
THE SILL!"



"FIND ANYTHING, GENE?"

"ONLY A FEW PIECES  
OF THREAD! I'LL KEEP  
'EM, JUST IN CASE!  
TOMORROW I'LL RIDE  
MYD TOWN  
AND BORR  
LOOK 'ROUND!"



NEXT MORNING

"HERE COMES THE  
SHERIFF'S GUN!"



"GOOD! I WANT TO  
TALK TO HIM!"





THERE HE IS - GOIN' INTO  
THE BLACK JACK!

JACK WILSON!  
NOW HOW TO  
HANDLE HIM!



CHOW, BOO! LET'S MOSEY  
OVER TO THE BLACK JACK  
AND SEE WHAT'S GOIN' ON!



IN THE BLACK JACK -

HOW'D PUTTY? WHAT  
CAN I DO  
FOR YOU?

I'D LIKE TO  
TALK TO YOU,  
WILSON. I'M  
CURIOUS TO  
KNOW WHY  
YOU'RE SO  
APPROX TO BUY  
THE COWBOYS!



I'VE BEEN PUTTY MY DUGH  
IN RANCHES! THE DOUBLE-GO  
A GOOD SPREAD! IT BRINGS  
THE BAR-X THAT I ALREADY  
OWN!



OUT O' MY WAY, STRANGER!  
YOU'RE BLOCKIN' THE  
BAR-X

HEY!



YOU HEARD WHAT I SAID! MOVE!!

HEY! WAIT A MINUTE!  
YOU CAN'T SHOVE  
ME AROUND!



OWWWW!

I CAN PLAY YOUR  
LITTLE GAME, TOO!

THOUGHT YOU COULD BEE ME  
ON TO KILL MY OWN, SO'S  
YOU COULD DRILL ME  
AN' CALL IT SELF DEFENSE,  
DIDN'T YOU?

NAH - I WAS  
DRILLIN'.

WHO IS THIS HORNBRE,  
WILSON?

TUPPER ROSE! HE  
DOES ODD JOBS  
AROUND TOWN AN'.

WHAT'S A-GOIN'  
ON HERE? WHAT  
HAPPENED?

NOTHIN' JUDGE -  
EXCEPT DOGS GOT  
ANOTHER IDEENT!  
YOU'D BETTER PUT  
THAT HORNBRE ON ICE,  
TILL HE COOLS OFF.

REMEMBER TUPPER! NEXT  
TIME YOU TRY A STUNT LIKE  
THAT, I WON'T AM FOR YOUR  
HAND!

STICK UP YOUR HANDS, AUBREY! I'M ARRESTIN'  
YOU FOR THE MURDER OF BRICK THERASH.

WHAT—

NOT SO FAST!!



DROP THAT GUN, SHERIFF - OR GO AHEAD AN' DRILL THIS HONDER!

DON'T SHOOT, SHERIFF!



TALK FAST, SHERIFF! WHY'RE YOU ARRESTIN' ME? I GOTTA RIGHT TO KNOW!



WE COULDN'T FIND NO TRACE OF ANY DRYBULCHER! THE ONLY TRACKS WE FOUND WAS YOURS! I THOUGHT YOUR STORY WAS A PACK O' LIES. SOON'S I HEARD IT!



BETTER GO PEACEABLE, AUNTIE! I'LL SEE YOU GET A FAIR TRIAL - IF YOU'RE TELLIN' THE TRUTH!



A FAIR TRIAL! IN THIS TOWN??

DON'T ANYBODY MAKE A MOVE - OR I'LL LET YOU HAVE IT! I'M NOT ROTTING IN JAIL, WAITING FOR A FAIR TRIAL!!



REMEMBER! THE FIRST HONDER THAT MOVES GETS A BULLET!



GET GONCHAND!



MOVE FAST, BOY!



DRILL HIM!

BUT THE KILLER?

WE'RE OUTLAWS NOW,  
CHAMP!



THEY'RE AFTER US! WE GOTTA  
FIND A HIDEOUT, PRYDITO!



WE OUGHTA FIND A PLACE TO  
HIDE IN THESE HILLS! AN' WE  
WON'T LEAVE ANY TRACKS ON  
THESE ROCKS!



LATE THAT AFTERNOON—

HOOOY, MISS MARY!  
SEEN ANYTHING O'  
THAT T. HORNARD, GONE  
MUTTY?



NO! HE HAIN'T  
COME BACK SINCE  
HE LEFT WITH YOU  
SHERIFF, MARY!

WE WANT HIM FOR  
THE MURDER OF  
BRIAN THOMAS!



THAT'S RIDICULOUS!  
GONE DIDN'T—

HE'S THE  
ONLY ONE WHO  
COULDA DONE IT!  
HE LOST HIS TRAIL A  
WHILE BACK—SORRY—  
BUT HE GOTTA SEARCH  
YOUR PLACE, MISS  
MARY!



HEAINT HERE! GOT IN HARRON!  
YOU, MISS MARY, THAT WE'RE  
GOIN' TO KEEP AN EYE ON  
THE PLACE TO KISS HIM  
IF HE DOES COME  
HERE!

ALL BE  
ALONGS  
DIRECTLY,  
SHERIFF?





STICK UP YOUR HANDS, AUTEY!  
KEEP QUIET, MISS MARY!

WILSON!!

WHAT ARE YOU DOING  
HERE?

WE FIGURED YOU'D COME  
BACK HERE SOMETIME, AUTEY!  
SO I OFFERED TO HIDE OUT  
AS WAIT FOR YOU!

YOU'RE NOT GOING TO TALK? HUH?

DON'T GET EXCITED,  
MISS MARY!  
I JUST WANT  
TO TALK TO  
AUTEY!

THEN PUT DOWN  
THAT GUN AND  
TALK!

ALL RIGHT!  
I ONLY PULLED  
IT TO MAKE SURE  
YOU DIDN'T TAKE  
A POT SHOT AT  
ME!

NOW WHAT'VE  
YOU GOT TO  
SAY?

PLENTY! IN  
THE PAST  
PLACE, I'M NOT  
GIVING THE LAND  
AROUND HERE FOR  
MYSELF!

I'M BUYING IT FOR  
JUDGE MARLY! HE'S  
PAYIN' ME TO DO IT!  
HE'S TRYIN' TO BUY UP  
ALL THE LAND IN THIS  
VALLEY!

BUT THE JUDGE IS  
SUCH A FINE MAN—

THAT'S WHAT HE  
WANTS FOLKS  
TO THINK! SO HE  
OFFERED ME A  
NICE PRICE TO DO  
HIS DIRTY WORK  
FOR HIM!

BUT WHY'S HE DOIN'  
IT?

I DON'T KNOW!  
EVERYTHING'S BEEN  
INSIDE THE LAW.  
TALL THESE LAST  
KILLINGS? COURSE  
I WAREN'T GOT ANY  
PROOF THE JUDGE'S  
WAS UP IN THEM  
YET!

I FIGGERED YOU AND I  
AUGHTA WORK TOGETHER  
AUTTA MAYBE WE CAN  
FIND OUT SOMETHING!

WE SURE  
CAN!

WE GOTTA WORK FAST BECAUSE  
THE SHERIFF'S ORDERED HIS  
MEN TO SHOOT YOU  
ON SIGHT!

I'LL CALL GRUBBER  
AND GET SOME  
FOOD FOR YOU!

I'LL TELL YOU ALL I KNOW!  
I GOT HANK DONALD'S  
SPREAD BECAUSE HIS STOCK  
ALL TOOK A DIVE AND DIED AND  
HE COULDN'T MEET HIS  
MORTGAGE PAYMENT! I GOT—

HEEHEE! OLD DOC JONES  
MIGHT KNOW SOMETHING  
ABOUT THAT CATTLE  
SICKNESS —

AN HOUR LATER

IS BETTER BE  
GETTING BACK TO  
TOWN!

AND I'LL GET  
BACK TO MY  
HIDEOUT! I'LL  
MEET YOU TOMORROW  
RIGHT AT THREE O'CLOCK!

I SURE GUESSED JACK  
WILSON WOULD!  
I WONDER —

THAT'S GRUBBER, THE COOK, RIDING  
AWAY FROM THE RANCH! WHY'S HE  
LEAVING THIS TIME O' NIGHT?

WE'LL FOLLOW HIM AN'  
FIND OUT WHERE HE'S  
GOIN'. GET MOVIN', BOY!





HE'S HEADIN' STRAIGHT FOR TOWN!



WAIT HERE, CHUBBY! I'LL TRAIL HIM THE REST OF THE WAY ON FOOT!



THERE HE IS! HE'S TRYIN' TO WALKEN SOMEBODY!



GREAT GUNS! WUDGE HANLY!



-SO ALWAYS A-RIDIN' IN DEVIL'S CANYON, AN' JACK WALSON SPILLED ALL THE DOPE HIS HIDE HAD AN'-



WE'LL FIX BOTH OF 'EM - SUTTY AND THAT DOUBLE-CROSSING WILSON!



TD BETTER GET AWAY FROM HERE - PRONTO -

WE'LL BEAT GRUBBER  
BACK TO THE RANCH!



HE LEFT THE  
KITCHEN DOOR OPEN!  
HOPE I DON'T WAKEN  
MISS MARY!



HERE'S GRUBBER'S  
ROOM! NOW FOR A  
QUICK SEARCH!



WHAT'S THIS?



WANTED



JOE BUDD  
FOR  
HIGHWAY ROBBERY

WELL, CAN YOU BEAT THAT? OLD  
GRUBBER'S WANTED FOR  
ROBBERY IN WYOMING. I SURE  
DON'T EXPECT  
TO FIND THAT!



AH! HERE'S WHAT I WAS LOOKIN'  
FOR! NOW IF IT MATCHES THAT  
PIECE O' CLOTH I FOUND WHERE  
BRICK WAS SHOT—



IT DOES MATCH! SO GRUBBER  
SHOT JUD AND ABANDONED  
BRICK!



I HEAR A HORSE! GRUBBER'S  
COMIN' BACK!









I'VE GOTTA FIND  
SOMETHING TO PROVE  
THAT THE JUDGE —



HERE'S JUST WHAT I  
LOOKIN' FOR! A LETTER  
FROM ONE O' HIS RALS  
IN WASHINGTON —



— TELL 'EM THEY'RE  
GON' TO BUILD A BIG  
RESERVOIR IN THIS VALLEY  
AND ADVISE 'EM TO BUY  
UP ALL THE LAND — SO HE  
CAN SELL IT TO THE  
GOVERNMENT AT A BIG  
PRICE —



THIS LETTERS A BIG  
PART O' THE PROOF JACK  
WILSON'S BEEN LOOKIN'  
FOR!



AND IN THE BLACK JACK CAFE —

MORNIN' JACK! WHATE'S THE IDEA O' SITTIN'  
BACK HERE IN THE CORNER?

JUST KEEPIN' AN EYE ON THE BAR!  
BEEN LOSIN' SOME DOWN LATELY!



HOW BOUT A LITTLE GAME O' CARDS  
SEEM WE'RE HERE NOW?

GOOD! TIDDER'LL  
PLAY, TOO!

OKAY!



CAN YOU HANDLE CARDS WITH  
YOUR BAD ARM, TIDDER?

SURE! I KNOW ME  
MY LEFT HAND  
JUST AS WELL  
AS MY RIGHT!



A SHORT TIME LATER —

YOU DEALT THAT CARD OFF THE  
BOTTOM OF THE DECK, JACK WILSON!





THERE HE IS, SHERIFF—THE REAL  
BANDIT OF BLACK ROCK—JUDGE  
HARLEY—AND HIS  
PALS!

WHAT'S ALL THIS ABOUT,  
SHERIFF? HAS AUTRY? HE'S  
THE KILLER AND CRAZY,  
TO BOOT!

WE ARRESTIN YOU FOR THE  
MURDER OF JUD GRANT  
AND BRICK THOMAS. JUDGE,  
YOU'D BETTER COME ALONG,  
PEACEABLE!

GRUBBER TURNED  
STEEL PIGEON AND  
SAID YOU SHOT 'EM  
BOTH, JUDGE!

BOY THAT BLASTED  
ROBBER—HE DID  
THE KILLING,  
HIMSELF!

YOU'LL REGRET  
THAT I'LL  
BREAK YOU!

KEEP MOVING,  
BOY! I'VE SENT  
OUT TO THE  
DOUBLE-G FOR  
GRUBBER! HE'LL  
BE HERE PURTY  
QUICK!

LATER—

ALL TAKE GRUBBER  
AND HIS PALS  
AND WAITING  
INSIDE!

HERE'S THE  
OTHER ONE,  
SHERIFF!

"YOU CROOKED OLD JAIL BIRD!" I'LL KICK YOU FOR  
KILLING A PAIR OF LIES ABOUT ME  
SHOOTIN' JUD GRANT AND BRICK  
THOMAS! YOU SHOT  
'EM, YOURSELF!

SHOOT!  
JIT DOWN!



AND YOU PLANNED FOR JOBS  
EDWARD HARRY? YOU PAID ME A  
HUNDRED DUCKS FOR BOTH  
KILLIN'S!



THE JUDGE'S UP SO I'LL COME CLEAN  
IMMEDIATELY! HE WANTED PER  
ROBBERY BY WHOM? THE  
JUDGE KNEW IT HE SAID HE'D  
TURN ME IN, IF I DIDN'T DO HIS  
DIRTY WORK!



BUT YOU AINT GOIN' TO GO  
FREE, HARRY! NOW YOU, GEE?  
I KNOW ALL ABOUT YOUR  
POISONIN' HARRY DONALD'S  
CATTLE! AN' I KNOW  
WHAT TINNER DOES  
DONE!

WELL YOU—



WELL, I DARES WE KNOW ALL WE  
WANTS KNOW, BOYS! C'MON! WE'LL  
LOOK EM UP WHERE THEY CAN'T  
DO NO MORE KILLIN OR POISONIN!



LATER— IT'S STILL HARD TO  
BELIEVE THAT JUDGE  
HARRY IS THE REAL  
BRIGHT WE'VE BEEN  
HUNTIN'!

HE'S SMART  
—ALL RIGHT!

I HEPT ON WORKIN'  
FOR HIM, HARRY, TO GET HOLD  
OF SOME REAL PROOF OF HIS  
CROOKEDNESS!



WELL NOW WE GOT ALL THE  
PROOF WE NEED TO STRUNG UP  
THE WHOLE GANG! I'M SORRY!  
THOUGHT YOU WERE AN OUTLAW  
FOR A WHILE, AUNT!



YOU'RE GOIN' TO STAY IN BLACK  
ROCK ANHOLE, AUNT YOU, AUNT!

SURE! I'LL BE HERE  
TILL AFTER THE TRIAL!



STILL LATER—

I'M GOIN' TO DEED  
YOU HALF THE WATER  
HOLE, HEDS MARY!

I'LL STAY HERE  
TILL YOU FIND  
A GOOD FORD—  
I WANT SO YOU  
CAN LIVE HERE  
IN PEACE UNTIL  
YOU SELL THE LAND TO  
THE GOVERNMENT, HEDS  
AUNT!

